

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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TAKING IT TO PAPA.

NELLIE BREWSTER is a sweet little girl, ten years old, who loves to do kind deeds to all. In the picture she is doing one of the little acts of kindness in which she takes so much delight. Her father is sick, and has not been able to leave his room for two or three weeks. Her mother was going to take a cup of tea to him which she had just made, when little Nellie said, "Let me take papa's tea to him, mamma." "You may, my dear," said Mrs. Brewster, "if you will be careful not to spill it nor break any of the dishes." "I will be very careful," said Nellie. Mrs. Brewster then put the tea and some other things upon a waiter, and gave it to her little daughter. In the picture you see her taking the waiter full of things to her papa. How pleased he will be with this little act of kindness, and how happy it will make Nellie to think that she has shown her love for him in this way! We are glad that she is such a kind, thoughtful, and loving little girl. If she keeps on in the way in which she has begun everybody will love her, and speak well of her; she will become a good woman and a happy one.

We hope that all our little readers, like Nellie, love to do kind deeds to others.

For the Dayspring.

MY LITTLE TEASERS.

Who is that knocking at the door?

Come in, come in, come in!

I catch a glimpse of two wee forms,

I hear the noise they bring.

They rush pell-mell into my room,

They climb upon my chair,

Then give me such a bear-like hug,

I cry aloud, "Forbear."

They peep in this drawer and in that,

They throw my spools about,

They catch the kitten by the tail,

They sing, they dance, they shout.

There's little Tom, just five years old,

And Toddles, only three;

And now they both begin to tease

For every thing they see.

They tease for blocks and picture-books;

They tease for rubber ball

They tease for marbles that will roll

Away across the hall.

They tease for cookies and for tarts,

For nuts and gingerbread,

And, best of all, for mamma's kiss

Before they go to bed.

They tease mamma to hear their prayers,

They tease mamma to sing.

Dear me, what wealth of happiness

These little teasers bring!

AUNT CLARA,

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

JUSTICE is like a glass, which cannot be bent, but is easily broken.

Do not try to show off vainly. The world is a workshop, not a stage.

The hours are viewless angels,

That still go gliding by,

And bear each minute's record up

To Him who sits on high.

— C. P. Cranch.

For The Dayspring.

THE POWER OF LITTLES.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.



HUS wrote the wise poet, and how suggestive the words are. If every one in the world would just say the helpful word, or do the helpful thing that lay in his or her power, how much help we all should receive that now is entirely out of our reach. Believe me, there is great power in "littles." A young man sometimes thinks how much good he would do if he were only as rich as this man, or as clever as that. It may be that many of you who read these words have indulged in such thoughts; and you have perhaps excused yourselves sometimes for the neglect of a duty, by thinking how well you would have done it if you had been somebody else. This is only self-deception. Every boy and girl, every man and woman, who is faithful to the talent God has given, is as rich and as clever for the performance of the work God wishes him to do, as every other man or woman in the world. You know a square peg can never fill a round hole; and no matter how beautifully shaped the square peg may be, if the hole in the ship is a round one, the ship will sink, notwithstanding all the help that can be rendered by the square peg. The rudder of the ship may sigh that it is not decked with sails, as the masts are; but how helpless the rudder would be if only one sail was attached to it; and this simply because the rudder was never intended to be so decorated; and any such addition would be fatal to its usefulness. The sails

are very useful in their proper place, and so is the rudder; and the working of the ship, and her safety and usefulness, depend upon both doing the work they were intended for, and in the exact place in which the greatest experience has placed them.

Now, if it be foolish to neglect our work, because we think we could do it better if we were somebody else, it certainly is equally foolish to think our work is not worth doing, because it is so small. Always bear in mind the "power of littles." If you look at one of the great chains that holds at anchor the ship lying in the harbor, any one of the links of the chain is but a little thing; but the strength of the chain depends upon each separate link: in fact, the chain, as a whole, is just as strong as the weakest link in it, and no stronger; so that the smith who forged one of the links, and did his work badly, because one little link was of small consequence, just spoiled the whole chain.

"Union is strength" is one of the mottoes of the United States; and so grandly was this great truth borne in upon the minds of men twenty years ago, that tens of thousands of America's noblest sons gave their lives to preserve that Union; and now, the weakest state in the Union is as strong as the strongest, because all hold together; and the strength of the strongest is made stronger by the added strength, little though it may be, of the weakest.

If you were to sail far away into the warm waters of the Southern seas, you would find there some very tiny little creatures at work, that are a wonderful illustration of the "power of littles;" I mean the "coral animalcules." These little creatures have a curious power of taking out of the water in which they live the lime which it contains. This lime they

convert into those many beautiful forms in which we see coral, such as "brain coral," "tree coral," &c. The work that is done by one of these little creatures in its lifetime might perhaps be so small that it would require a magnifying glass to see it; but there are untold millions of them at work, each one contributing its little quota to the whole, so that in course of time large islands are built up, and their bare, hard surfaces are raised above the sea-level. And what would be the good of such bare, hard rocks? Man could not plant any thing there. Here comes in another illustration of the "power of littles."

You know those curious, dry-looking, plant-like things that grow on the bark of trees, and on every fence and boulder and rock that you meet with in your country rambles, looking so much like great patches of mould, and known as lichens. The seeds of the lichens, and of some of the lowest of the mosses, are so small that they float about in the air, and are sometimes carried hundreds of miles. The lichen seeds are enclosed in a sort of gummy envelope, so that when they come into contact with a rock or tree they stick there, and then they begin to grow. They do not take in their nourishment from the ground, but from the air; therefore they can grow on the barest rock. As they arrive at maturity, they reproduce their own seeds and die, thus leaving a thin vegetable coating, which by degrees is increased till there is enough mould to form a bed for a small seed of some other plant, which shall be brought there; and so by degrees larger plants and trees cover the once bare rock, and the coral island becomes fruitful and beautiful.

Mosses and ferns illustrate in another wonderful way the "power of littles."

As you see them growing in the wood, green from their opening in the spring, to their decay in the autumn, you never see any creature eat them; and so you might think that they were of little or no use in this world of ours. But do you know that coal, upon which we depend so much for our comfort and advancement, is just the remains of mosses and ferns, and some other plants of similar nature, that grew thousands of ages ago, and by various processes known to science, have been changed into coal.

All this is to teach you that we are not to despise "the day of small things;" neither are we to judge from appearances alone. If the coral animalcule could think, it might say, "My work can be so small, in comparison with the island to be built up, that it is not worth doing." And the lichen and moss might say "My work alone will never make this bare rock fertile; why should I grow here?" And the ferns might say, "How very little coal will be produced from our decayed remains; really there is no use in growing at all!" And the boy might feel "I never can be a Washington, a Whittier, a Parkman, or a Garrison;" and the girl, "It is certain I shall never rival Sister Dora, or Mrs. Livermore, or Miss Alcott; therefore it is of no consequence that I should do my work; for when it is done it is so very small, that neither I nor any one else can see that it will ever lead to any thing better!"

You can easily see the folly of such reasoning. How can you tell what you may become? All the names I have mentioned, which rank among the world's great ones to-day, were once unknown beyond their own limited circle; and no doubt they were once very much such boys and girls as you are. It was because they were faithful to the duty of to-day that

God called them to a higher duty to-morrow. This is the only way in which we can prepare ourselves for higher responsibilities.

And then it is not the showy duties that are always the greatest. The throne and the Presidential Chair are the outward expression of the sovereign will of the people, which is silent and unseen. This will creates them, and it may destroy them. A great piece of the rock in Quebec fell one spring morning, destroying houses, and doing much damage. That fall made a great noise, and people came from all quarters to see the dreadful result. But it was brought about by the silent and unseen action of the frost during the previous winter.

God estimates the value of our work, not by the show it makes in the world, but by the faithfulness and the unselfishness with which it is performed.

For The Dayspring.

A B C OF NATURAL HISTORY.

I.

THE Alphabet-pedler! he's coming once more,
With his queer lot of entomological lore;
'Tis a very long time since he left his last load,
But he's come to a troublesome place in the road.
We must not — we will not, however, quite yet,
Break down in our insect alphabet.
The wheel of our rhyme-cart sticks badly, no doubt,
And no Hercules handy to help boost it out;
The truth is just this, — between science and song,
Our muse cannot always go smoothly along;
But *procrastination*, they say, *pilfers time*,
So the pedler jogs on with his wagon of rhyme.
I began long ago, my dear children, to try
And find names of insects beginning with I,
But up to this time have been puzzled to find
An easy and musical word to my mind.
We cannot have Insect, for that, as you see,
Takes in all the letters from A down to Z.
Next I thought of those animals so very small,
The naked eye cannot detect them at all;

There's hardly a primary school child, to-day,
But has heard of the *Infusoria*;
Those wee animalcules that dart to and fro
In a mere drop of water, as microscopes show;
But these tiny creatures (I fear it is true)
I'm told are not insects, so they will not do.
What then shall be done? I despa'ringly cry;
Is there never an insect whose name starts with I?
Ah, yes! there is one with a name somewhat
long,

In science well known, yet a stranger to song,
I mean the *Ichneumon-fly*; yet for its name
The creature assuredly is not to blame.
'Tis true of all creatures, since time first began;
God gave them their nature; their name came
from man.

The four-legg'd *Ichneumon* all children know
that;

In Egypt they nicknamed it Pharaoh's rat,
Because, I suppose, when the great crocodile
Crawled out and laid eggs on the shore of the Nile;
To lessen the breed of the terrible plagues,
The *Ichneumons*, like rats, would crack open the
eggs.

So the people adored them because they did good,
Though they did it, perhaps, just for mischief, or
food.

There is war throughout nature, but One reigns
above,

Whose wisdom makes all serve the ends of His
love,

The *Ichneumon-fly*, likewise, subserves a good
end:

They call him the farmer's beneficent friend;
For these little creatures kill many a pest,
Whose swarms so destructive the harvest infest.
If you wish to know how the *Ichneumon-fly* looks
And acts, you will find it set down in the books,
By men who have studied by day and by night
God's tiniest creatures with childlike delight.
A worthy employment, — for surely what God
Thought worth His creating, from comet to clod,
From sun-gazing eagle to mole in the dark,
From loftiest star-fire to lowest life-spark —
What God has thought worth His creation and care,
In sky or in ocean, on earth or in air, —
Is marked with His wisdom, and well may engage
The minds of His children in youth or in age.
Sing glory to God in the depth and the height!
The highest archangel's a child in His sight!

For 'The Dayspring.

THE FAIRY NEEDLE.

BY LORAINÉ BUCKLIN.



LONG while ago there lived in Ireland a poor old woman, called Dame Rose Bannagan, who earned her bread by darning stockings. Her neighbors were poor like herself, and worked all day in the fields planting and weeding and gathering their crops. They went barefoot when busy at their work, but on Sunday when they went to church they wore shoes and stockings. Now they had so little money to spend that one pair of stockings had to last a long time, and every hole that appeared was carefully darned until sometimes the whole foot of the stocking would be covered with thread worked in and out to cover the worn places. It took time to do this, and often when a poor woman found a hole in her stocking she would carry it to Dame Rose Bannagan and pay her a penny to mend it for her while she worked in the fields. Every fine day in summer you could see Dame Rose, if you passed her little cottage, sitting in the doorway in the sun with her work. She always had a pleasant word for everybody, and the children on their way home from school would crowd about her and beg her to tell them a fairy story, for she knew a great many, and loved to amuse them with many a strange old legend.

She told them of the Princess who had care of a fairy well; every morning and every evening she must place a stone over it after the village maidens had filled their pitchers at its brink or else its waters would overflow. Alas one night the Princess forgot her duty; she was listening to the enchanting song of a beautiful stranger who came to pass the night at her father's

castle, and she left the well uncovered. While the village people slept the fairy waters rose and covered the town, and the sunlight next morning fell on a lovely lake in whose silent depths the fisherman can still see the spire of the village church. Again she would tell them of the cavern on the wild coast of Kilkee, where the waves dashing through the chasms in the rocks throw their spray high in the air, and the sad story of a young officer and his bride who while watching this grand sight went too near and were drowned before help could come. But the story the children liked best to hear was the legend of the Princess O'Donovan and her children. This they asked for again and again, and the kind old dame would tell it without a thought of weariness or impatience. The Princess O'Donovan lived long years ago in a part of Ireland called Bantry. Her husband lost his kingdom in a fight with the English, and had to fly for his life leaving his poor wife the Princess and her two little girls in the care of a faithful servant. This good man built a hut on the side of a mountain so artfully that it looked like a part of the mountain itself, and here he concealed the Princess and her children.

They needed food however as well as shelter, and he hardly knew where to find enough to satisfy their hunger, for the enemy had destroyed everything. At last he saw an eagle's nest on the mountain, midway in a rock that towered far above their heads. He could hear the eaglets scream and could see the old birds carry small wild animals to the nest for them. The thought came into his mind to try and steal this game out of the nest for the Princess to cook for herself and her little girls. He had a son called Shamus, and climbing together the mountain side the father and son planned how they might reach the

eagle's nest. A rope was tied about Shamus's waist and his father let him down by it until he reached the nest. The boy tied a thong about the throat of each little bird so that it could not swallow, and then his father drew him up again to wait for the old birds coming. They soon appeared; one had a rabbit, the other a bird; these they left in the nest and flew away for more.

Shamus was lowered again, took part of the bird and rabbit leaving some for the young eagles, and hurried with his father back to the hut to give the Princess and her children their dinner. When the Prince regained his kingdom you may be sure he remembered this faithful servant and his brave boy and rewarded them with money and lands. While Dame Rose told these stories and many more to the eager children her fingers were busy as ever. In and out went the needle drawing the yarn over the holes until all were mended and the day's work was done.

One morning as the Dame sat in her cottage door, a stranger stopped before her gate and asked for a drink of milk. The dame arose, leaving her needle in her work, and cheerfully granted his request. When she again seated herself and took up her work she found a wonderful thing had happened. The needle had gone on by itself and had mended the stocking as neatly as if guided by her own skilful fingers. She threaded the needle again, and to her surprise it commenced on another stocking and worked away like the fairy it really was. All it needed was to be threaded anew when it had used a needleful of yarn. After this Dame Rose could rest; her fairy needle worked for her and never tired.

One of the Dame's nearest neighbors was the mother of a large family, and she

often wished she had a fairy needle, for she had so much work to do that she often felt as if it would never end. When Dame Rose died this neighbor took the needle home with a joyful heart, thinking she had a great treasure. She put her basket full of mending on the table and tried to thread the fairy needle so that she might see it begin its task. She tried again and again to push the thread through the eye, but no, she could not; she cut it with the scissors, she rolled it between her fingers to a point as sharp as the needle itself but try as hard as she might she could not thread it. At last she held the fairy needle up to the light and then she saw the reason of her failure. The eye of the needle was filled with a crystal tear; it mourned the death of its dear mistress and for evermore wept for her loss.

A LETTER FROM COUSIN ANNIE.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, —

I wonder how many of you love kitties? I mean how many love them enough to take good care of them, never forget to feed them, and never hurt or worry them "for fun"? I have two kitties: one of them is named Thomas Gray, and I am afraid you would call him an "ugly old cat." He has but one eye, having lost the other in a fight with a dog. His mother, Madam Blackie, was a lovely old mother Pussy; but her son Thomas, I am sorry to say, has a quarrelsome, unhappy disposition, and will even spit at his best friends when they are giving him a nice bit of meat. His only good quality is that he catches rats and mice. My other pussy is a beautiful kitten, marked and ringed with black to the very tip of her beautiful long tail. Her name is Kitsy Catsy. One day we lost her, and after hunting house

and cellar over for her, and even inquiring for her at the neighbor's, we gave her up as lost. But toward night some one opened the ash-pit to rake down the furnace fire, when out walked Kitsy Catsy, stretching herself and purring with satisfaction, having been shut up under the hot furnace fire for six hours. One day a little boy about eight years old came to see me. He saw Kitsy Catsy, and said he loved kitties dearly; but I am afraid poor Kitsy Catsy did not enjoy the afternoon. Charley did not mean to hurt her, but he wanted her in his arms all the time, — he wanted to see if she could jump, to see if she could climb up a door, to see if she could hang by her claws from his shoulder, till at last poor Kitsy Catsy was tired out and refused to play any more; but Charley was not at all tired, and would not let her rest in peace, and Kitsy and I were both glad when he went home. Now Charley loved Kitsy Catsy dearly, he thought, but he did not love her enough to be thoughtful for her comfort and happiness. Perhaps you have all heard of the society with the long name, "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." I often wish, when I see children with kittens, that there was a special Committee of that Society whose business it was to see that kittens were protected from the very boys and girls who think they love them dearly.

Cousin ANNIE.

Nov. 7, 1880.

WHY?

WHY will the frown so quickly come?

Why will hot tempers rise?

Why cannot little girls and boys

Be gentle, good, and wise?

It is not that they do not know

The right way is the best,

But that they do not stop to think —

"Don't care" leads on the rest.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN.

WE have received the following letters suggested by the second picture in the December number of the *Dayspring*.

A little girl writes: —

"I like the picture ever so much, but I wonder what their mamma is telling them about. It must be something very nice that they are listening to. Perhaps she is talking to them about the kite I see up in the air. Perhaps they are having a morning lesson the way we do. They have said their verses, and now she is telling them how the dear God made all the bright and pretty things they see through the open door; how he loves little children, and how good and happy they should be. That was the last lesson mamma ever told us. Auntie May has to hear us now, and talk to us. I can't write very well."

A little boy writes: —

"These people, I think, live a little way out of the town, in the country. The largest one is telling a story, in which all are interested except one. The boys outside are playing games; one is flying a kite, and some others are playing base-ball. The one seen in the picture is pitching the ball. The one rocking the cradle had better get about something else. I think, as she is not interested in the story."

These are good letters. On the opposite page is another picture which we invite our little readers to write about. Let us see who can write the best letter about the little girls and the kittens.

ANCIENT maxim of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece: "No man should ever give himself the liberty of speaking ill of another, whether an enemy or a friend."



For the Dayspring.

A PLACE FOR OSCAR.

By LUCRETIA P. HALE.



DON'T like tiresome fables," said Jack, throwing down an old book in which he had been trying to read : " it is so ridiculous making the beasts

talk. Of course, they never do talk that way, and if they did talk, they would not be giving that kind of advice. But then they never did talk. Did you ever hear of a beast talking, Ernest, except in a fable? "

Ernest looked up from his book.

" Why, yes," he said decidedly : " the horses of Achilles talked, don't you remember? "

" Well, that was a kind of a fable," said Jack. " Our horses never talked. Bruno comes near it sometimes. But, Hester, don't you think fables are tiresome? They always have a moral tagged on! " he continued, appealing to his older sister, for Ernest proved a poor listener, and was deep in his book again.

" I will tell you a fable about a boy," said Hester, sitting down with her work, " and you shall see. "

" But don't let the beasts speak," said Jack, " and don't let him give advice! "

" He won't even think of it," said Hester, and she went on.

" Once there was a boy, and his name was Oscar, and he went to a very good school, where he learned to spell and read very well, and do a few sums. But when he had learned about as much as that he took up a new accomplishment. This was to fling up balls, two at a time, and catch them in his hands. This he could do wonderfully well; but then a great many other boys could. He, however, did it at home; he did it on the sidewalk; he could do it

sitting on the very top of a board fence; but he was most proud of doing it in schoolhours while the teacher was not looking. This grew to be his great ambition. He succeeded once or twice, when she was very busy with a younger class, and once while her back was turned, and she was at the door receiving a visitor.

" But that did not satisfy him : he wanted to be able to do it when she was sitting on her regular seat in front of the platform; and every day he practised, sometimes with one ball and sometimes with another. It took a great deal of his time and all of his attention; and often some of the other boys were marked for laughing when he succeeded. And he had succeeded so well that the teacher had not the slightest idea what they were laughing at.

" All this was very satisfactory to him; but it was not so well for him at the end of the year, because it turned out he was behindhand in all his studies, and he had to be put down into a lower room. But coming into another room with a fresh teacher, he had to learn his favorite accomplishment all over again. It was difficult, for she was a very rigid teacher, and seemed to have eyes in every hair of her head; and he sat at the other side of the room, so that he had to change hands somehow in throwing the balls and getting them into his desk quick without being seen. But there were a number of younger boys in the room who enjoyed it all very much, so that he was a real hero, and felt himself quite a favorite. He did manage to keep up better in his arithmetic, too, in spite of his having so little time for his books. Perhaps from having to watch the teacher so much, he did learn the things that he heard her repeat over and over again; and then he picked up some knowledge from the other boys. Still, all through his school term,

he was sent about more or less from one room to another. The teachers could not quite understand why such a bright looking boy, who seemed to be always busy with his lessons, was not farther on in his studies.

"So it happened, when they all left school, Oscar was himself surprised to find that the boys of his age were ahead of him in various ways. A large class went on to the high school; but Oscar, as it proved, was not at all fitted.

"And his father took him round from one place to another to try to get some occupation for him. He looked so bright that he was taken for an office boy here and there; but he never stayed. The fact was, the only thing he could do well was to fling balls up in the air and catch them in turn, without letting them drop to the ground; and this he could only do best on the sly, behind somebody's back. Now this, though entertaining to those who saw it for a little while, did not help on his employers, who wondered why they did not get more work out of Oscar.

"A certain Mr. Spenser, a friend of Oscar's father, asked him to bring his boy round to his office and he would employ him. 'He will have to do a little drudgery at first; but I think we can promote him soon, if he is faithful.'

"So Oscar went with his father to Mr. Spenser's office. Mr. Spenser started a little when he saw Oscar; but, after talking a while, he went to his table, and took from a drawer two balls. 'My little boy left these here this morning,' he said. 'How long do you think,' turning to Oscar, 'you could keep them up in the air without letting them drop?'

"Oscar was much pleased. Here was his chance: at this office the kind of thing he could do was wanted. So he dexterously

took the balls, and flung them up and down, and might have kept at it all the morning but that Mr. Spenser said at last: 'That will do, and it is more than enough.' He said, turning to Oscar's father: 'As soon as I saw your boy I thought I recognized him as a boy I saw one day in the school flinging balls up in the air on the sly behind his teacher's back. I'm sorry to see that he keeps up the art still. But I felt pretty sure that day that he couldn't have learned much else. I should be afraid to take him into my office with a propensity to do things on the sly, for I have other boys that must learn to be busy. Perhaps you can find some other place for Oscar.'

"But Oscar could not find the kind of place.

"His friend, Seth Clayton, had been fond of collecting insects all through his school years. Oscar used to laugh at his boxes full of bugs. But Seth used to study them over and talk about them with his teacher, who told him all she knew, and helped him to find books about them. And it was when she was leaning over a beautiful specimen of a night moth that Oscar had performed his most remarkable feat of keeping three balls in the air for a second and a half. This was in their last school year.

"And now, after some years more of study, Seth was appointed to join an expedition to go to South America and look up insects along the Amazon and in Brazil.

"'Just what I should like to do,' said Oscar; for he had studied a little about the geography of South America, and thought it would be fun catching cocoanuts with the help of the monkeys, and have a salary too. 'That is something I really could do,' said Oscar to Seth. But Seth went, and Oscar was left behind.

"Will Leigh had the best chance, per-

haps. He used to be a great crony of Oscar. He went through the Latin School, and then to Harvard College. 'He was always burrowing into Latin and Greek,' said Oscar; 'much as ever you could do to get an English word out of him.'

"Well, he was wanted as professor in a western college; so they sent him for three years to a German university to study up his Hebrew. But he was to travel about Europe first.

" 'I wish they would send me,' said Oscar. 'Travelling about Europe is just what I should like, and just what I could do. It is a queer thing that just these fellows that can work hard, and like to work too, get the easiest places, where they have only to lie back and do nothing!'

"Even some of the boys who were behind him in school and below him in lower classes came out ahead. Sol Smith, whom Oscar always thought a stupid dunce, had the place in Mr. Spenser's office that he would have liked.

" 'Mr. Spenser took Sol out to his country place in the mountains,' Oscar complained, 'where he has boats and plenty of fishing. I know I could have caught a lot of trout. It is just what I can do. But that stupid Sol, if he looked at a trout, he probably frightened it away.'

"It was just so all along through life. Oscar could not find exactly the place he was fitted for. One of his friends, Tracy, went out West as engineer. 'I could have done that,' said Oscar; 'I could have carried the chain as easy as not. It is a little hard that all the rest of them fellows tumble into them easy places. There's Tracy making money hand over hand.'

"The next he heard of him Tracy was in the legislature. 'That I could do,' said Oscar. 'It is easy enough to go and sit in the legislature, with your hands in

your pockets, and vote when your turn comes; or you needn't be there all the time if you don't choose.'

"So they put Oscar up for the legislature; but he lost the vote, because he forgot to sign his name to an important note, in answer to one of his 'constituents.' He tried for Congress, too, but without success. He talked round among his friends about running for President. There was the great White House to live in. He would be willing to stay all summer. He felt he should be the right person, as he had never done anything else, and would offend no party.

"But even for President something more is needed than catching half-a-dozen balls without letting them fall to the ground.

"Once, indeed, he had thought of joining a circus; but he could not equal the Chinese juggler with the balls, and it tired him to jump up and down. His father got him the place of janitor at an art building; but he made mistakes in making change for tickets, and put wrong checks on the umbrellas and parasols, so that nobody got the right umbrella. He was really glad when they dismissed him, it tired him so. It was harder work than flinging balls."

"Look at here, you need not go on," said Jack, interrupting his sister; "I never did it but just once in school, and that was when you happened to come in and speak to Miss Eaton. I was real ashamed that you caught me at it then, and I have never had the balls at school since, or thought of them."

"The beast has spoken," said Ernest, looking up from his book.

Jack made a rush at his brother. "Oh! stop," said Ernest; "let us find out what became of Oscar."

"He has married," said Hester, "and his wife supports him."

"More fool she!" said Jack.

"He always looks in his boys' pockets," continued Hester, "to see that they take their books, and not their balls, to school."

"So he comes out with a moral, after all," said Jack.

"Don't do things on the sly," said Ernest.

"You may 'tag that on' if you like," said Hester.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

Good Words.

A FATHER was once describing to his boy the wonderful ladder of Jacob's vision,—"as high as the sky." After he had vividly pictured its great height, he asked his little son, "Would n't you be afraid to climb a ladder 'as high as that?'" The little fellow replied, "No, I would n't if God held it."

For The Dayspring.

A CUP OF TEA.

A TINY china cup, with vines and flowers around it, and a blue and gold band encircling the top,—a Japanese cup, with saucer to match, stood on the bureau in Aunt Carrie's room, and Grace admired it very much.

She sometimes wished she could have it to play with, but she did not like to ask, as she knew auntie valued it highly, and for more than one reason. It was a beautiful cup; it had come all the way across the sea from Japan to the Centennial, and from the Centennial to auntie, as the gift of a dear friend. She was very careful of it.

One night when Grace was sick, she had some bitter medicine to take. She was a brave little girl in many things. She could ride horseback, and row a boat, and milk a cow. But she did so dread to take medicine. And she was very fond of tea, which she did not often get. Mamma and auntie said it was not good for children; she must wait till she was a lady grown. Sometimes, when she had a headache, or a cold, her mother would fill her cup with two parts milk and one part tea. Gracie liked this milk-tea very much.

"Gracie," said Aunt Carrie, coming in, "if you will take your medicine nicely, without any complaint, you shall have some tea to-night in my Japanese cup. Would you like that?"

"Yes, indeed, auntie," and the medicine was out of sight in a moment.

Then she had a lump of sugar to take away the taste. And in about fifteen minutes her supper was brought up. How nice it looked! Mamma's prettiest waiter was spread with a snowy napkin, and on it were the pretty Japanese cup and saucer,

and the "chicken-plate," as Grace called it, filled with delicate milk-toast. This plate had a very brilliant rooster in the centre, and a gilt band around it, and was an heirloom in the family. It had belonged to Gracie's great grandmother, and she always fancied that food tasted better from it than from any other dish. Then there was a glass saucer of clear, gold-colored jelly. Grace enjoyed her supper very much.

"My little girl is better," said papa, coming in just as mamma had set aside the tray, and shaken the pillows. He sat down in the great, blue easy-chair beside the bed, and Grace took his hand in both hers, and rested her cheek upon it.

"O papa! I'm so glad you've come home, and I've had such a nice supper. Real tea in auntie's centennial cup, and milk-toast in the chicken-plate, and jelly — calves' foot jelly!"

"Indeed! And it all tasted good — did it?"

"Very. And now won't you tell me a story, or something?"

"Yes; let me think. A story or something? Shall I tell you how tea is raised, and prepared for market?"

"Yes, papa; I'd like to know."

"The tea-fields are scattered here and there all through Japan, but mostly on hill-sides. The bushes grow about breast-high, and live many years. The leaves are not gathered till the plants are three years old. They are first picked in May, and then at intervals during two months as the new leaves grow; but the bushes are never completely stripped. Only the bright green leaves at the top are used, except sometimes those farther down are taken to make a cheap tea. The Japanese use the best at home. The finest is made from the delicate shoots at the tip of the stem.

"Women and young girls go out to the fields to gather the tea-leaves, and have a social time, as we would go huckleberrying or nutting. A traveller, referring to these gleanings and our tea-parties here, not long ago made the witty remark, 'The little leaf begins and ends in gossip.'

"The baskets, when filled, are carried to a building where men are at work.

"They boil the leaves about three minutes to soften them; then press them between mats, and when partly dried, put them on thick pasteboard trays or pans. These are placed on brick ovens, standing in rows, and heated at different degrees. The greatest heat is just what the hand can bear easily if laid on the oven.

"A native stands in front of every pan, kneading the leaves with his hands, as Katy kneads bread, to have them equally heated. All day long these Japs stand over their slow fires, rolling and rubbing the tea. The leaves, while moist and green, are placed on the hottest pans, then cooled on straw mats, and again heated on other trays; so on for perhaps twenty times; and the work, so long continued, is really tedious and hard. The leaves grow dry and dark; and when the rolling is done, they are spread awhile on slightly warm pans, and then packed in baskets. One man can usually, in a day, prepare enough to fill a common tea-chest.

"But the work is not yet done. In another house young girls sit around a table, and sift and sort the leaves. The finest and smallest are accounted the best, and are sometimes placed by themselves. Every girl has a pile of tea on the table before her; she takes a handful in her left hand, and picks it over with her right very quickly.

"The tea is then ready for home use. But to make it keep, and bear transportation, it must be again heated and rolled.

"This is done at some seaport in large, stone buildings, where men and women are occupied by hundreds. The odor from the open windows of these houses is exquisite.

"Then comes the packing and exporting. The merchants in this country, and others, receive the cargoes, and sell to the retail grocers. And we buy a chest, and have it sent home. So you see, Gracie, it really took a long time, and a great deal of work, to get your cup of tea ready."

M. J.

JOHNNY'S OWN WAY.

JOHNNY wanted very much to "help" his mother bake pies one morning: so she gave him a piece of dough, the cover of a starch-box for a pastry-board, and a clothes-pin for a rolling-pin. When he had rolled so hard that his face was very red, he put his little pie on the stove-hearth to bake; and then he saw the pretty soft steam puffing out of the kettle. His mother saw him, and cried, —

"O Johnny, take care, or you'll burn your fingers, my dear."

"Steam can't burn!" cried wise Johnny: "only fire burns."

"You must not try it. Believe me, it will burn you. Do stop, Johnny!"

"Oh, dear!" cried Johnny, "why can't I have my own way thometimes? I do like my own way! When I'm a big man, I mean to thand and poke my finger in the teakettle all day, thometime, and have my own way, and" —

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man to do this: a scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The dear little white fingers were sadly burned, and for hours Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him on her lap.

"Oh, oh, oh! what shall I do? O dear mamma, I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live. When I'm a great man, I'll never put my fingers in the teakettle. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!"

Take care, little folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam. Your parents are wiser than you, and they love you too well to deny you any harmless pleasure. — *Selected.*

THE MANLY BOY.

WHAT is it makes a manly boy? It is not size nor weight; for there are some large, heavy boys that are any thing but manly. We saw one once, — a big burly fellow about fourteen years old, with a fist like a small sledge-hammer, and a voice as loud almost as that of a mule; but we did not think he was very manly when we saw him pick up a small boy who was quietly playing with a little wooden wagon, and lift him above his head, while he screamed in his ear as loud as he could, and then set him down. The little fellow was pale with fright, and cried: the big fellow laughed aloud, and went his way, ha-ha-ing as he went, and no doubt thinking he had done a very fine thing. But he was not manly.

Nor does the power to smoke cigars without getting sick make a manly boy. Some boys think so, we know. We have seen even small boys, nine or ten years old, pick up stumps of cigars which men have thrown into the gutter, and puff away at them, holding up the head, and stalking along, as if to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, look at us. We are men, we are." But they are not men.

A manly boy is one who shows some good manly qualities. We do not expect him to

be as large as a man, as strong as a man, or as wise as a man; but he will be truthful, honest, and well-behaved. He will not be ashamed to have it known that he loves both his father and his mother, nor will he be afraid of the ridicule which silly boys may heap upon him because of this love. They may call him a "baby," and say what they please about being led by the mother's apron-strings. — *The Well-Spring*.

THE DAYSPRING FOR 1881.

WITH the present number we begin a new volume of *The Dayspring*. We are confident that it will be an improvement on any previous volumes for we have made arrangements for better illustrations, and engaged some of the best writers for children to contribute to its pages. We trust that our efforts to furnish a much better paper at the old price will be met with corresponding efforts on the part of all our friends, young and old, to increase our subscription list. There are Sunday-schools in which the number of our subscribers could be more than doubled if hearty efforts to do it were to be made.

BE BRIGHT.

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon every thing. A sweet voice at the window called out, in joyful tones, "Look, papa! the sun's brightening all it can."

"So it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? Tell me how."

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes. Only be happy and good; that is all." — *Selected*.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA No. 1.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 4, 8, 18, 16, is a boy's plaything.

My 11, 8, 9, 4, is a drink.

My 7, 14, 9, 10, is a town in Massachusetts.

My 1, 2, 13, is a kind of cake.

My 17, 8, 13, 5, is a numeral.

My 12, 3, is a preposition.

My 6, 2, 15, is a kind of liquor.

My whole is a noted object in Massachusetts.

GERTIE L. (11 years old.)

ENIGMA No. 2.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 14, 7, 25, 6, 5, is a domestic animal.

My 4, 13, 15, 25, is a heavenly body.

My 19, 3, 1, 9, 7, 8, 9, is a precious stone.

My 23, 24, 18, 19, is a part of the body.

My 16, 8, 10, 22, is an insect.

My 11, 12, 22, 13, 17, 5, is a cooking utensil.

My 4, 21, 2, is a carpenter's tool.

My 20, 1, 13, is the opposite of lean.

My whole is a proverb.

F. D. F.

PUZZLE.

I am a word of six letters. Entire, I signify to make happy. Behead me, and I am a contract with a landlord. Behead me again, and I am freedom from pain. Add one letter, and I am a stand for holding pictures.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

EASY ENIGMA.

New England.

DOUBLET.

KETTLE, settle, settee, setter, better, bedded, belted, bolted, bolter, bolder, HOLDER.

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